

in use will have to get busy and produce something from it or forfeit it to the state and in that way enforce the good old times of wee little capitalists battling in competition together. The capitalist monopolist, who out of the struggle of competition has emerged successfully with the scalps of his competitors dangling at his side, feels of the Single Taxer's head, subscribes \$10 for a hall to put him in and beats it to his club.

The laborer wants to know if Single Tax is something you nail down carpets with or whether it's good to eat—that he once ate some hard tacks.

And all the old-time confreres of the Single Taxer are now holding jobs with the monopoly, and they have reason to know the futility of battling in competition with it.

So, poor little, wee little Single Taxer stands there all alone, asking: "What kind of minds have they who ask how?"

When he says the land should be free he is eminently right. When he says that a single tax on land values will make it so, and when he wants to give me a "job," he is wrong!

I say so.—A. E. Massey.

MASHING A MASHER.—The other day in descending from the street car my umbrella blew inside out. It is one of those with a spring on and before I could turn it back a young man stepped up and offered his assistance. I thanked him and told him that my umbrella was one of the kind that can be turned back if it blows inside out. But he persisted in taking my arm and helping me along. I was at a loss what to do, but when I saw his cronies grinning and watching I tried to break away. The harder I tried the louder they laughed and the firmer he grasped my arm. At last, so angry I could no longer control myself, I bit him sharply on the arm and at the same time kicked him on the leg with all my strength. He let go, putting down my umbrella. I beat

him on the back, shoulders and face, running all the time after him. He fell and I walked on him and also spit on him. Of course he was not worthy of such attentions, but still I believe that "masher" won't mash any masher.—S. S. M.

HOW ABOUT THIS?—I know a violinist who has mastered his instrument to a degree of efficiency that enabled him to earn a fair livelihood. Lately he had a serious setback. The second finger on his left hand became so weak as to interfere noticeably with his skill in rendering any class of music. Treatments are doing no good.

He has sought other work, but has always been denied because of his lack of experience. His financial straits are making him desperate and he says if he can't make a living honestly he will have to get it some other way. What is the way out of such a predicament?—F. W., Lafayette av.

WHEN THE WIND HOWLS.—Why does the wind howl and whistle sometimes—sometimes I can't hear it at all?—Little Boy.

Have you noticed, Little Boy, that when you are outdoors you seldom head the wind, no matter how hard it blows. It's when you are indoors or in a grove of trees or in an alleyway that you hear the strange whistle. But it really isn't the wind you hear, although the wind does cause the whistling and howling. What the wind, or moving air, does when it forces its way through the doors or windows, against the corner of the house, or through the tree tops, is to set things vibrating or trembling so that they make a strange, whistling noise. But we do not hear the wind, as our ears cannot bear a current of air, and that what wind is. When an object checks the motion of the wind or air there's a vibration or a wave sound, we hear these wave sounds and we say we hear the wind whistle.